The Sketch

No. 2574—Vol. CXCVIII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1943 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

CUPID'S COMMANDO!

JUDY CAMPBELL *plays Joanna Lyppiatt in Noel Coward's "Present Laughter," which alternates with his "This Happy Breed" at the Haymarket. Joanna might well be called Cupid's Commando, for a more determined siren has never been depicted. Here she is arriving for a raid on Gerry Essendine's flat, determined to get her man. Her seduction equipment consists of a ravishing white dress, and she wears her black hair dressed in a long page-boy bob.*

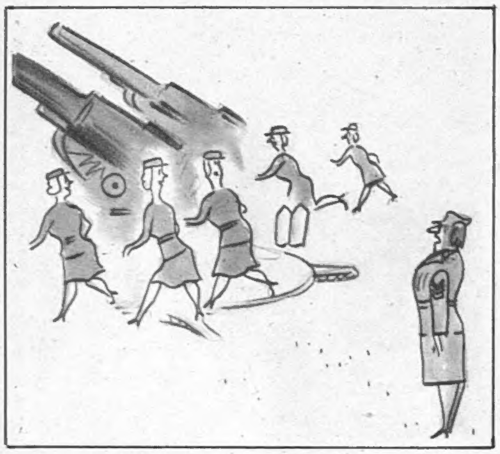
PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

A

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

That Tired Feeling. A noble lord has been a little depressing in Another Place about the condition, not very long ago, of our urban youth. He noticed among juvenile evacuees a certain " listlessness." " They seemed unable to do anything for themselves. They were without any social traditions. They did not know how to cook. The impression created on him was that they were cultural orphans. . . . They had no knowledge of their own country. They knew something about the Spanish Civil War, and in an extraordinary way about Russia. But about England and the war, and their own kith and kin, they were blank." But, continued Lord Geddes, " those listless young men had since become the young men who had won the great victories in Africa," and " the listless, incompetent, rather unpleasant women were the backbone of village life; they had been 'magicked' by the country." They had acquired some quality which we must try to retain in them in peacetime.



N.C.O. : " Woman the guns ! . . ."

DRAWN BY P. MILLAR.

" Non Angli sed Angeli." I am bound to say that the last characteristic I should have attributed to the young Cockney—and I have some knowledge of him—would have been " listlessness." I think Lord Geddes must have seen these young exiles when they were still suffering from the shock of uprooting; but, from all I have heard, it was not long before they recovered their spirits—which it takes a great deal more than a *blitzkrieg* to subdue. Anyhow, they seem to be very good little boys and girls now, for I see that a couple of thousand of them, in a cinema the other day, with one voice chanted these solemn words : " I promise to tell the truth, to help others and to obey my parents." And then Mr. Arthur Askey, who has already waged noble war on the cough and the sneeze, taught them that they must brush their teeth, behave with kindness and attend to their personal appearance. A hundred and fifty thousand little cherubs, of the National Cinema Club, have thus renounced the world, the flesh and the devil. The reaction of parents is mixed. Some are saying openly that they cannot possibly live up to these unnatural children. Others are showing a nasty, cynical, sceptical spirit, and several have been heard to observe, " Yes, I don't think."

Crabbed Youth and Age. Whether or not it is the result of this uplift, I don't know, but youth is doing remarkable things nowadays. It is not merely winning El Alamein and El Agheila, Bizerta and Tunis. Teresa, aged nine, ran half a mile through the night, clad only in her slumberwear, mounted a bicycle and charged like the Light Brigade until she found a rescue squad to come and dig her aunt and small brother out of the ruins. Polly is reported to be a factory foreman at the age of sixteen. With these ornaments of their sex I must compare unfavourably Percy, aged seventeen, who " got fed up with the job " because he was only earning £7 10s. per week, and thought that a life of crime might be more interesting and profitable. No, youth certainly does not seem to be noticeably " listless " at present ; but I am glad to see that the old 'uns are also showing their mettle. The Army has decided that an officer is not necessarily " too old at fifty-five." He may not even be too old at seventy. After more than a year in the wilderness, a considerable number of smart young officers of sixty or so have been summoned back to their country's service, because their country found that it could not do without them. This is a distinct score for the Old and Bolds. The listless infants cannot have it all their own way. The surprising thing is that anybody should ever have entertained the absurd and approbrious thought that at fifty-five a man is fit only for the scrap-heap. But they get queer little ideas at the War Office sometimes.

Two a Penny. It may, however, be embarrassing for an army to have too many senior officers, and there is a certain restiveness in the United States because ninety-six officers have been recommended as Generals in one week. (One of them is the Mayor of New York.) In the old days it was Colonels in which the American forces were most prolific, but that speciality seems to have passed to our enemies. It was reported from Libya not long ago that a single sergeant brought in (for retention, please) an entire five-ton truck full of colonels, and serious indiscipline occurred among passing British convoys at the sight of this dazzling array of scarlet and gold. The opinion was widely held, and expressed with vigorous variety, that one brass hat is enough to be going on with, and a lorry-load of brass hats is overdoing it. But, as Gilbert might have written :

> And Colonels in their gaudy hats,
> Were plentiful as tabby cats,
> And Generals two a penny.

Reluctant Courtier : " But perhaps Sir Walter Raleigh had a lot of spare coupons ! "

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Prometheus Bound. Whatever may be the rule for soldiers, it is clear that scientists and benefactors of humanity are not too old at seventy, or even at eighty. One of them, Sir Charles Boys, at the ripe age of eighty-eight, has offered to solve the match difficulty for us, once for all. He proposes a sort of Lucifer button which would go on lighting the

Land Girl : " Oh, stop grousing ! If it hadn't been for Hitler you wouldn't have known a sunflower from a shallot ! "

DRAWN BY BRETTELL.

gas-stove indefinitely; it could be produced, with a substantial profit, for a penny. But there's a catch in it! It would have to pay a duty of 2s. 6d. as a mechanical lighter; so that it does not seem a very attractive commercial proposition. Thus is human progress impeded by what Herbert Spencer called "the sins of legislators." Sir Charles also assures us that you can light a cigarette by means of any good lens of two or three inches in diameter "in full sunlight." I dare say, but in our climate the chances of getting a smoke would be a little uncertain. It is a nice point whether every pocket lens is not a mechanical lighter, liable to a duty of 2s. 6d.

One Girl to Another: **"My dear! It's becoming increasingly difficult to monopolise a man's whole attention with this war on!"**

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

The Hydra.

It is, however, to Mr. Stanley William Tomkins, of Kensington, that I offer my special and respectful congratulations for a truly great invention which would solve all our ignition troubles. Mr. Tomkins is aged seventy, and he modestly disclaims ever having invented anything before; but I call his idea truly great, and the product of an original, penetrating mind, because I have often thought of it myself. Many a time, in the midst of our timber shortage, my conscience has been smitten by the fact that the match which I throw away like an old glove or sucked orange, is virgin and unburnt as to at least nine-tenths of it. Why, I have often speculated, can we not have a double-headed match? The idea has the simplicity of genius, but none of my friends seemed to take me seriously as a pioneer of progress. Undismayed, I should long ago have formed a company, with ample capital, but for two considerations—first, I did not know how to make the middle of the match non-inflammable; and, second, I could not find anybody either to float or to sink the venture. Mr. Tomkins, with superior skill and enterprise, has got in ahead of me. I retire gracefully—hurt, disappointed, disillusioned, but graceful to the last. I make him a present of my trade-mark, which is, of course, "Hydra."

Smash and Grab.

It is said to be one of the advantages of old age that, on the whole, it is not given to the violent and the boisterous. I cannot think, for instance, that old gentlemen are usually addicted to tearing railway carriages to pieces, and I am afraid, therefore, that the young (not in this case "listless") must be held responsible for the extraordinary amount of vandalism, which is always a feature of our otherwise law-abiding society. It seems to be worse than ever at present, and it is a remarkable form of animal spirits. So far as I know, it is a characteristic peculiar to the young of the British race that when they are particularly pleased with life, they want to smash something. Anyhow, I have never noticed the same phenomenon in any other countries, and in most parts of the world it would be regarded as a form of dangerous lunacy. But this is the score of the gay vandals on British railways in the past twelve months: 17,435 carriage windows broken, 115,000 electric-light bulbs removed, 12,400 black-out shades damaged, 31,328 window-straps torn off or damaged, 9,250 cushions and upholstery mutilated. It is the same in hotels; the havoc is that of infuriated apes. Will some psychologist please explain this simian trait in our character? We are as sensitive as any people in the world to cruelty to dumb animals; whence this ferocity to dumb property? I'd better send a post-card to the B.B.C.

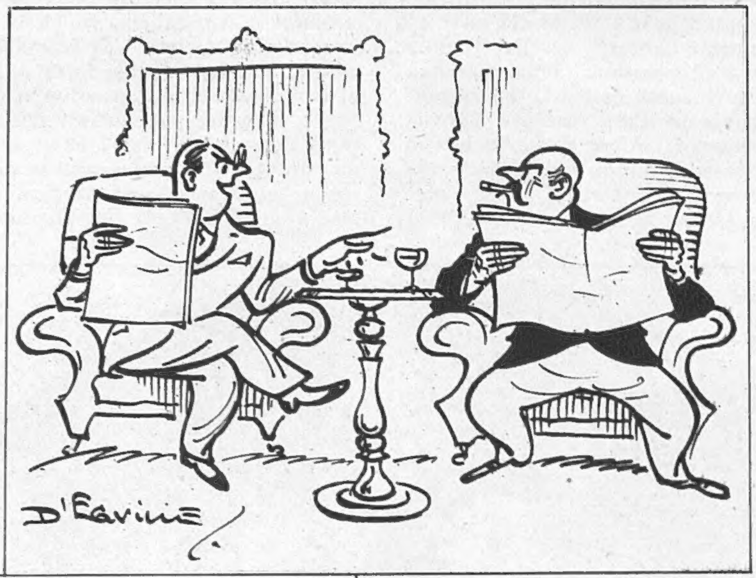
Arsenic and Gold Lace.

It might be funny, to a puerile sense of humour, in certain circumstances; but at a time when every stick of property, of whatever kind, is more precious than rubies, it lacks wit and charm. It would be interesting, for example, to know how many shoes those 31,328 window-straps would repair. Perhaps that is why they are stolen—in intelligent anticipation of the outbreak of wooden soles with which we are threatened. I understand that the art of walking on wooden soles is a special technique and does not conduce to grace of movement. However, it is nice to know that one will be able to make one's footwear last indefinitely by just knocking slices off the furniture and nailing them on our soles. With what respect—nay, veneration—do I regard a certain pair of shoes, now twenty years old, and still perfectly wearable; for I know that, take them for all in all, I shall not look upon their like again. And austerity does not stop at the feet; it goes right up to the head, for I see that there is to be no more gold lace—irreverently known as "scrambled eggs"—on the caps of high R.A.F. officers. This modern total war takes the gilt off every piece of gingerbread. It is hardly worth while being an Air Marshal any more.

[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]

This Petty Pace. And then this question of traction. Severe things have been said lately about the crawling bus. I don't like the term—it makes me feel creepy—but I hope the reference is solely to pace, or *tempo*. If I had to choose between a crawling bus and a rollicking bus, I think I should prefer the former. On the other hand, there *is*, or ought to be, a difference between a bus and a hearse. When you have already wasted fifteen minutes or so waiting for your bus, and have then fought your way on to it, you do feel that your patience is getting rather like Hitler's when you are borne to your destination with the dignity and deliberation of the Lord Mayor's coach. If you should, in desperation, leap off and catch a taxi—I say, *if* you should catch a taxi—don't try to be a Good Samaritan and offer to share it with anybody else in the same plight as yourself. This may tempt the driver to charge rather more than the meter fare. You may think it cheap at the price, but the magistrate will not think so when the taxi-man appears before him—and neither will you, if you are "up" for aiding and abetting. The solution is, get a bicycle; if you can't get, or can't ride, a bicycle, walk; and if you've got corns or varicose veins, get a Bath chair. It will be quickest in the end. But *are* there any Bath chairs?



Club Member: "I see Mr. Churchill's in America!" *Another:* "Oh, *China*, surely?" *Club Member:* "Ah, that was this morning!"

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

Eminent Visitor: "I take it there's absolutely *no* distinction between volunteers and conscripts?"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Organisation. Our always resourceful bureaucracy has other solutions for the traction problem. The Ministry of War Transport has recently decided, by way of experiment, to "zone" laundries in a certain city. The laundry, like the milkman, can only serve the streets within its allotted zone. A trifling detail, however, has been omitted; the public has not been informed in any shape or form what laundries serve what zones, and the laundries, not elated at the upheaval of all their business, decline to call on any householder who does not write and retain their services. The entire population, therefore, is left in the dark about its future laundry arrangements (already sufficiently chaotic), and the general medley of family washes beggars the imagination. Inconvenient? Unnecessary? Criminally incompetent? Not at all—this is the process known as Organisation. This is how the Brave New World is going to be run.

Cheap and Nasty. Well, well, even when I receive from the laundry a baby's bib in exchange for my jealously husbanded boiled shirt, I will still try to preserve my sense of humour, for our democracy never lacks its little comedies; and I hope it never will. A Member of Parliament is reported as having thus recently unburdened himself in public: "Churchill has collected in London an army of cowardly runaway Generals and politicians from foreign lands, Labour Gauleiters and Trade Union Quislings. This collection of renegades have decided to continue the war with the bodies of the workers. The workers are goaded on by another force of Communist gangsters, who disgrace the name of Communism." Yes, speech is free in this country, and when it is not free, it is at least cheap.

Fighter Command, R.A.F., is to have its own "Wings for Victory" Week at several stations this month. The H.Q. Station above has set out to achieve a £5000 goal towards the Command target of £150,000. Fred May's own targets were chosen from the "Ops" Room officers, with George, evergreen doyen of the Officers' Mess.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

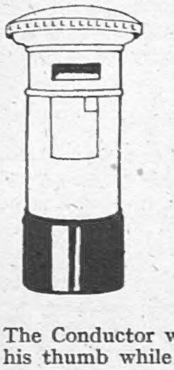
The sixty-third of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

UP TO THE NECK IN *ESPRIT DE CORPS.*

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—The Conductor - Faith affair reached a climax yesterday. The Conductor, who had insisted upon Spring-Cleaning both the Attics, was by half-past six that evening in a state of exhaustion, and lying half-insensible in an arm-chair in the drawing-room. I was pretty exhausted myself, because helping the Conductor Spring-Clean is no joke. I was irritated, too, because neither of the Attics really needed Spring-Cleaning, and I felt bitter about having to work so hard just to stop the Conductor worrying about Faith and the Awful Dan.

Soon afterwards Lady B. arrived, saying the Spring was in her legs, and our hill seemed to get steeper every year. She sank down on the sofa, panting. The Conductor was just showing me where he had run a splinter into his thumb while scrubbing, when Faith walked in.

The Conductor snatched his hand away from mine and stood up. Faith, who had gone quite white, looked him between the eyes and said coldly, "So this is the way you help Henrietta with her housework?"

"Damn it all, Faith," said Charles, "the poor devil has been scrubbing since seven o'clock this morning. He must sit down sometimes."

"He had run a splinter into his thumb."

"There 's no reason for him to hold Henrietta's hand," said Faith.

I opened my mouth to say I was only looking at a splinter in his thumb, but Lady B. began making faces at me. I could see she was delighted at the success of her plan to make Faith jealous.

"What news of Dan?" said Lady B. brightly.

"He 's in England," said Faith.

"Nice young fellow," said Lady B. "I 'm longing to see his Beard," and the Conductor gave a strangled cry.

"I seem to have butted in on a party," said Faith, and prepared to leave.

"My dear Faith," cried Charles, "what am I thinking of!" And indeed he had forgotten his manners in the stress of the moment. But now he took Faith by the elbows and pushed her into a chair. Then he went to his cupboard in the corner and began to be very busy with some bottles. I don't know what he put in that cocktail. He told me afterwards it was a Little Something he was keeping for Peace Celebrations, but he was sick, he said, of the Conductor-Faith affair dragging on year after year, and determined to bring it to a head. Anyhow, the concoction had a lightning effect upon Faith, who forgot her ill humour and sat, smiling happily at the Conductor, who knelt at her feet, when suddenly the door opened and in walked Dan.

There was an awful silence. I need hardly tell you, Robert, that the only person in the room quite at his ease was Dan himself. "Hullo, Henrietta, you Skinny little Minney!" he said, and tossed me to the ceiling as though I were a baby.

"Don't do that, Dan!" I said crossly.

But Dan only laughed and kissed me. Then he kissed Lady B., slapped Charles on the back, and turned to Faith. "Hullo, Faith," he said.

"Tossed me to the ceiling."

"Hullo, Dan," said Faith, in a small voice. I could see she was all swept up by his Beard, which was one of those neat, pointed ones.

"I don't think you know our Conductor, do you?" I said, and the Conductor got up and shook hands, glaring. Dan laughed again. He had taken in the situation at a glance, and there 's nothing he enjoys more than taking a woman away from the man who loves her, whether he loves her himself or not.

"You are more beautiful than ever, Faith," he said gently.

"Thank you, Dan," said Faith, and blushed as though she were a schoolgirl instead of a widow of thirty-three.

There was another awful silence while the Conductor glared and Dan smiled caressingly, never taking his eyes from Faith's face. I wanted to say something about music which would show the Conductor in a good light and expose Dan's ignorance of the subject. At last I said, "We 've got a Madrigal Society here now, Dan."

"Madrigals, eh? You 're always up to some mischief, Henrietta," said Dan without looking at me.

Then the telephone-bell rang. Charles and I both made a dive for the door to answer what was, for once, the welcome call, but I got there first.

When I got back, nothing was changed, and even Lady B. was beginning to look white and strained. "Mrs. Whinebite's Evacuee has swallowed a marble," I said, but even this sensational piece of news failed to relieve the tension of the atmosphere.

"What does she expect me to do about it?" said Charles irritably.

"I don't know, but I expect she 'd like to talk to you on the telephone," I said, and Charles hurried from the room with a relieved expression on his face.

I went and sat on the sofa beside Lady B., and we started a bright conversation in loud voices which was ignored by Dan, Faith and the Conductor. It reminded me of two people whose dogs are about to fight, and who say, "Leave them alone and they 'll be all right," and start a conversation while they watch anxiously out of the corners of their eyes.

"You must come to Town, Faith," said Dan. "We 'll have a party."

"She isn't fit to go to Town," said the Conductor. "She 's got a Patch on her lung."

"A Little of What You Like Is Good For You," said Dan.

Just then there was a loud quack, and Constance, the Conductor's Duck, walked into the room. Since the Conductor came to help me with the housework, she has more or less made her home under the kitchen table, and we are quite used to her walking in and out.

Faith was too busy with the Conductor to notice Constance, but Dan stared at her and turned pale. "Is that a Duck?" he said in a faltering voice.

"A *Duck*?" said Lady B.

"A *Duck*?" said Charles, coming back at that moment and taking his cue very cleverly from Lady B. Then he walked over to Dan and looked closely at him, lifting up one of his eyelids and peering underneath it. "My dear old Boy!" he said in a shocked voice. In the meantime, Constance walked out again.

"There 's no Duck here," I said.

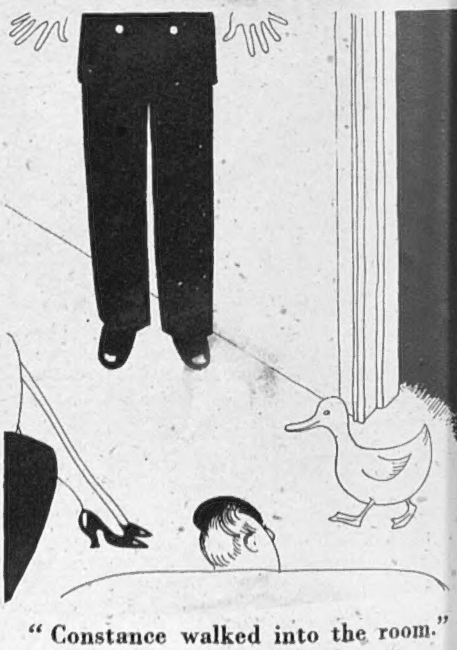
Dan was visibly shaken. He refused a drink, and took Charles into a corner and had a long, muttered conversation with him about having been teetotal all the time he was a prisoner, but having to admit that he 'd been beating it up a bit ever since he got back to England. Shortly afterwards he left.

Soon afterwards Faith and the Conductor and Constance went home. Faith said she thought Dan had grown very dull, and she didn't care about his Beard.

When everybody had gone, I got a cloth and a bowl of water and disinfectant and dealt with a Situation under the piano. It 's a good thing Dan couldn't see me or he 'd have known that there really *had* been a Duck in the drawing-room.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.



"Constance walked into the room."

FIVE LADIES FROM THE JOHN SHOW OF DRAWINGS.

"THE TWO FRIENDS."

"STUDY FOR PORTRAIT OF VIVIEN LEIGH."

"STUDY FOR PORTRAIT OF ELISE."

"HEAD OF POPPET."

THE exhibition of fifty-eight drawings by Augustus John, O.M., R.A., at the Leicester Galleries is, roughly, half-old and half-new. Some in pen and wash and some in sanguine. Many of the portrait heads were only just finished in time for the opening, and it is a fascinating study to walk round the gallery comparing the thirty-years-old drawings of our most brilliant draughtsman with those he has made this year. Among the heads in sanguine or black, John is showing three studies for a portrait of actress Vivien Leigh, and a drawing, included on this page, of his elder daughter, Poppet, now Mrs. Bergne à Court—who works for the Prisoners of War Committee. For contrast, there are lovely "old masterly" compositions of groups, such as "The Two Friends" (top, left), a lively line drawing of a lobster and one of a whippet. The Order of Merit was conferred upon the painter in the Birthday Honours of 1942.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THERE is nothing new about the type of film demonstrated by Loretta Young and Brian Aherne in "A NIGHT TO REMEMBER" (Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion), but it has been a good selling line with customers ever since D. W. Griffith introduced it in "The Lonely Villa," round about 1910, and I expect it will still be evoking squeals and shrieks of delight from the audience when Shirley Temple is old enough to play the sinister housekeeper. There is always a sinister housekeeper, male or female, in films like "A Night to Remember." There is also a light-hearted amateur detective, generally a gentleman novelist; a pretty girl who tags along after him; a group of assorted suspects, all acting guilty; a dumb policeman; some low comic character, preferably a taxi-driver; and an hysterical Negro servant, or, as in this case, an hysterical charlady. All these types are collected in some old house, inadequately lighted, in a storm, with floor-boards that creak, doors that slam shut and cupboards that contain bodies. A pretty embellishment in "A Night to Remember" is a turtle, a relic of the days when the house was a speak-easy, which still recalls the high jinks of its youth by crawling over people's feet in the dark.

"A Night to Remember" is a good enough example of the "Bat" and "Cat and Canary" school, and manages to be a little brighter than some. Brian Aherne and Loretta Young are husband and wife, who arrive a day early to take over their new apartment in the basement of No. 39, Gay Street, Greenwich Village. This distresses the other occupants of the house, who are all victims of a blackmail plot, gathered under one roof for the blackmailer's convenience in collecting his weekly payments. The Master Criminal himself, it seems, is a tenant of No. 39, although no one is aware of his identity. Sneaking about in the shadows, removing the electric-light fuses, snuffing out candles with a black-gloved hand, he does his best to scare the couple in the basement clean out of their tenancy. But Mr. Aherne writes detective stories, and the sight of a fresh corpse in his backyard, drowned in his bath-tub and clubbed with his horseshoe, is a challenge to investigation that he can't resist.

I shall not reveal the identity of the killer, nor, if I did, would I surprise you unduly. But "A Night to Remember" works up to quite a pretty little scurry of excitement. Miss Loretta has some cute clothes in her overnight bag, and manages to look trim and decorative through all the turmoil. Some of the lines are almost funny. Funny intentional, I mean.

The problem of the gangster's place in a world at war is studied in "LUCKY JORDAN," a lively mobster piece at the Plaza. This theme has been done before, of course, notably in "All Through the Night," but seldom with such deliberation, or such a sense of national responsibility. Our particular specimen of *homo barbatus* (gangster, heeled) is played by the stern-jawed, silent Alan Ladd. Mr. Ladd's Lucky Jordan makes his position clear from the beginning. Enthroned in his swivel-chair, in the palatial office equipped through his ill-gotten gains, he defies the world to draft him into the war. "I don't owe anything to anyone," he says. "All I got in this country I got in the hard way." When his lawyer, who could fix anything in the good old days, fails to fix the Army authorities with a tale about Jordan's poor old mother, Lucky breaks camp, steals a car and makes a getaway. He plans "to stick this war out some place where they can't find me, with a blonde in one hand and a steak in the other." It's a bit of a dilemma for him, then, when he finds himself in possession of a brief-case full of War Department secrets, and the nearest blonde (Helen Walker), an Army hostess, suggests that it's his duty to hand them back.

Fortunately for democracy, the Nazis are after the brief-case too, and employ Lucky's second-in-command (Sheldon Lewis) as go-between. This offends Lucky, who likes to make his own business deals. When he finds the gang have beaten up his poor old "mother," democracy is practically in the bag. Pursued by the Nazis, Mr. Lewis, Miss Walker, the F.B.I. and the military authorities, he somehow ends up with the papers in a botanical garden, which appears to be Hitler's headquarters in the United States. There, amongst the tulips and the glass-houses, Lucky Jordan makes his last stand. You will not be surprised to learn that the F.B.I. arrives in the nick of time, the papers are returned to Washington and the now enlightened gangster goes back to fatigues and pack-drill, having decided, after all, not to sell his country short.

By some means or other—not, one would imagine, from having seen the film—the celebrated John Gunther has been persuaded to deliver a short commentary at the beginning and end of "THUNDER BIRDS" (Tivoli and New Gallery). Mr. Gunther has written the commentary, and speaks it too. He speaks it in that ringing, March of Time voice which has somehow come to be associated with official pronouncements of this kind; not at all the voice he employed, as I recall, when I had the pleasure of meeting him before the war at a luncheon.

The gist of Gunther is the international importance of the work carried on at Thunder Bird Field, Arizona, where Allied airmen—American, British and Chinese—are trained by American instructors. In the rather trivial story between Gunthers, the international angle is stressed too. Of the rival suitors for the hand of Gene Tierney, one is American, the other British, and not only is the film careful to emphasise their cordial relations, but the sound-track very decently plays "There'll Always be an England" almost as often as it plays "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

Miss Tierney lives, rides, and takes her bath in an open tank, on a ranch conveniently adjoining the airfield. The routine of the school is considerably enlivened by the Red Cross classes she organises and the barbecues she holds. On these and other occasions there are friendly skirmishes for her favours between an ageing American instructor (Preston Foster) and a young English pupil (John Sutton). Lest the issue seem too simple, complications are introduced by the fact that the pupil suffers from a fear of heights. His rival and instructor is urged by the Army authorities to dismiss him. This he will not do (1) because of Gene; (2) because he flew with the boy's father in the last war; (3) because John Sutton's dear old grandmother has sent Winston Churchill a cheque for £25,000; (4) because it is a curable conditional reflex anyway; and (5) because if he did it wouldn't be American.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "HEARTBREAK HOUSE." Revival—Mervyn Johns, Edith Evans, Isabel Jeans, Deborah Kerr.

*Coliseum: "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN." Revue with Nervo and Knox.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's Play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker.

*Garrick: "BRIGHTON ROCK." Graham Greene's novel dramatised, with Hermione Baddeley.

*Globe: "THEY CAME TO A CITY." New Priestley play with Ada Reeve.

***Haymarket: "PRESENT LAUGHTER." Noel Coward's cocktail-time play, alternating with:—

**"THIS HAPPY BREED." Noel Coward's Little Man at Home.

**Hippodrome: "LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.

*Lyric: "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS." Revival with Irene Vanbrugh, Nicholas Hannen, Barbara Mullen, John Stuart.

**New: (May 25). BALLET. The Sadler's Wells Co. Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn. Constant Lambert conducts.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co.

*Phœnix: "LOVE FOR LOVE." Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Angela Baddeley, Leon Quartermaine.

*Piccadilly: "SLEEPING OUT." Farce. Gene Gerrard, Ellen Pollock, Gus McNaughton.

*Playhouse: "ABRAHAM LINCOLN." The Old Vic Company with Herbert Lomas.

**Prince of Wales: "STRIKE A NEW NOTE." George Black's new revue, with the rising generation, and Sid Field.

**St. James's: "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgenev comedy perfectly done, with Michael Redgrave, Valerie Taylor, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "JUNIOR MISS." Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. Michael Wilding.

*Winter Garden: "THE VAGABOND KING." Revival—Webster Booth, Tessa Deane.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

Details of life at Thunder Bird are only sketchily given, possibly for security reasons, but one is left with the safe assurance that these boys come to Thunder Bird to learn to fly a 'plane, that they learn to fly a 'plane and that they leave when they are able to fly a 'plane. Fortunately for the film, the 'planes they fly at Thunder Bird are blue and orange kites, which are almost as much a boon to Technicolor as Gene Tierney's lipstick.

Commandant Koenig (HERBERT DANTINE), *Nazi governor of Trollness, who lives only for recognition from Hitler and is hated even by his own men, tells Major Ruck* (HENRY BRANDON) *of his frustration in the town, and how his efforts to quell rebellion are continually beset with "incidents."*

Everyone has his own idea of Hell. My idea is an eternity spent in the front seats of a picture-palace, close up against the Mighty Organ, watching a continuous performance of British film comedy. I have seen British film comedies that I enjoyed, but not many of them. In fact, looking back now over the waste of years, I cannot recall more than a dozen that have given me unconditional pleasure. A few of the early Hulbert and Courtneidges; a polished Korda or two; "Quiet Wedding"; "French Without Tears"; some nonsense with Alastair Sim; little else, unless one dared to include "Pygmalion" and "Major Barbara" in this category.

The average work covered by the term "British comedy" is a sad, bad thing. One of the saddest seems to me the current Arthur Askey picture now at the Leicester Square, "MISS LONDON, LTD." In this the Little Man is finished off—I use "finished," of course, purely in its technical sense, for Arthur himself will be with us, I am sure, for many, many successful years—finished off, I say, with a pseudo-American cuteness and a neo-Hollywood gloss. His good, honest, north-country face peers out between close-ups of glamour girls. His homely, bewildered little figure darts in and out of the press of Lovelies and Not-Quite-So-Lovelies. He joins in the yearning refrain that demands a Be-ootiful Romance, led by the caressing voice of radio's Anne Shelton.

Miss London Ltd. is an agency which provides lady escorts for gentlemen soldiers. Miss Shelton is the escort principally studied. Lured by Mr. Askey away from her job as a train-announcer at Waterloo, she undertakes a dinner date with "an all-right person" at the Hotel Splendide. Long before the hors-d'œuvre she has won her client's heart. Before the entrée a lovers' quarrel sends her hurrying home to her loud-speaker. I will not tell you how the breach is healed, who the all-right person turns out to be, nor even what happens to Mr. Askey in the end, on the unlikely grounds that it would spoil the film.

"Thunder Birds" (Tivoli and New Gallery), a 20th Century-Fox Technicolor film, stars JOHN SUTTON *as Peter Stackhouse, a young English surgeon in America qualifying as a pilot to avenge the death of his brother at Wilhelmshaven; Preston Foster as Steve Britt, a crack flyer past the age for combat duty, both rivals for the love of Kay Saunders* (GENE TIERNEY). *It is full of thrilling air adventures in the world's war-torn skies.*

"The Edge of Darkness" (Warner Theatre) is a narrative of Norwegian revolt against the occupying Nazis. Karen (ANN SHERIDAN) *and Gunnar* (ERROL FLYNN) *are facing the German garrison of Trollness, from where the women and children have been sent off safely to England.*

A better comedy than the British one—although that raises it to no dizzy elevation—is Hollywood's "THE CRYSTAL BALL" (Pavilion). The story is about a naïve redhead from Texas (Paulette Goddard) who goes to work for a scheming fortune-teller (Gladys George), a lady who knows more than is good for her about the property market. In the course of her professional duties at the Charity Bazaar, Tudor Room, Sheridan-Plaza, Miss Goddard meets a young attorney (Ray Milland), and innocently persuades him to buy land that has been earmarked by the Government for a defence factory. In addition to this financial plot, there is a romantic plot, naturally involving Miss Goddard and Mr. Milland; a jealousy plot, involving a rich widow (Virginia Field); and quite a collection of little comedy plots, involving such people as William Bendix, Sig Arno and Cecil Kellaway. In fact, the whole thing is pretty involute, but manages to raise a good laugh here and there.

There are no laughs at all in "THE EDGE OF DARKNESS" (Warner), in which Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan renounce the lighter things of life, and settle down to a long, noble study of Norwegian village folk under the Nazi heel. Mr. Flynn is a fisherman, Miss Sheridan a doctor's daughter, and the whole thing is grim, grim, from the opening scene of corpses sprawled in the village square, to the final close-up of Guerilla Sheridan taking a crack-shot at the German flag from her fastness in the hills. There are moments, it is true, when Mr. Flynn enfolds Miss Sheridan in his arms, and murmurs of love and tenderness to the camera over her right shoulder. But neither Mr. Flynn nor Miss Sheridan appears to take much heart from these embraces. They are but punctuation marks, we feel, in a grim drama, pauses to enable the script to grapple the more sternly with further woe.

PAULETTE GODDARD *is Toni Gerard from Texas in "The Crystal Ball" (London Pavilion), with Ray Milland her opposite number as Brad Cavanagh, rich lawyer. In a New York shooting gallery Toni doubles for Mme. Zenobia, the fortune-teller, and through her crystal ball "advises" the lawyer, who is tossed between herself and a rich widow, played by Virginia Field.*

ALL AROUND BY CAMERA.

LADY WINIFRIDE FITZALAN-HOWARD, *youngest daughter of the late Duke of Norfolk, married* MAJOR J. E. B. FREEMAN, *Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, elder son of the late Sir Philip Freeman. in the private chapel of Arundel Castle.*

MR. JOHN ROTHENSTEIN, *Director and Keeper of the Tate Gallery,* CAPTAIN LORD METHUEN, *the well-known artist, and* LADY METHUEN *went to the Private View of the Augustus John Drawings at the Leicester Galleries.*

The DUCHESS OF NORFOLK *held up her daughter,* LADY MARY FITZALAN-HOWARD, *to the microphone to thank the Land Girls for their gift of dolls for her and her sister.*

The marriage of MISS PATRICIA MAXWELL-WILLSHIRE, *only daughter of Sir Gerard Maxwell-Willshire, to Mr. Granville Baylis, Irish Guards, is fixed for May 29.*

The COUNTESS OF JERSEY, MRS. SWEENY, MRS. RICHARD TAUBER (DIANA NAPIER), *of the Welfare Department of the Polish Army, and* BARON A. KONOPKA *are discussing plans for the Phœnix Theatre matinée on June 6 in aid of the Actors' and Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund.*

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN *acted as honorary auctioneer at Christie's in the big Red Cross Stamp Sale. She obtained over £1850 within twenty minutes for the first dozen lots.*

LADY CONINGHAM, *wife of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, A.O.C., Tactical Air Force, North Africa, celebrated the Tunisian victory by carrying on with her work at the Victoria League Club. She is seen with men from British Columbia, Australia, Bermuda and Newfoundland.*

SNAPS FROM MANY SOURCES.

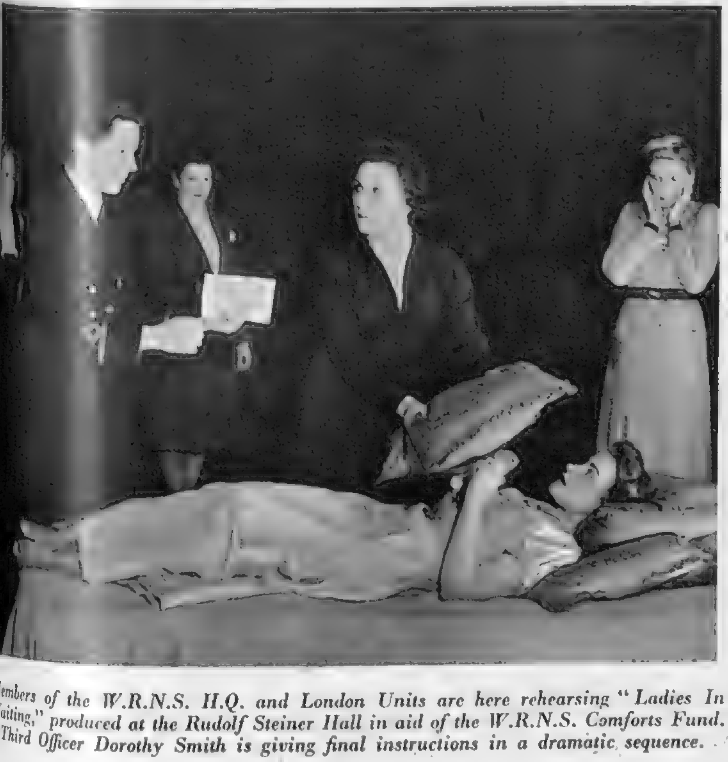
...the SOVIET AMBASSADOR, M. MAISKY, *attended the reception held* ...*at the Ethiopian Legation and talked for some time with* H.E. BELATA AYELA GABRE, *the Minister.*

MISS ANNE ROSEMARY PHILIPSON, *daughter of Mrs. Hilton Philipson, formerly Miss Mabel Russell, the actress, and ex-M.P., married* MR. ANTHONY MELBOURNE LAMB *at Christ Church, Down Street.*

JOHN MILLS, *the actor, and his playwright wife,* MARY HAYLEY BELL, *author of "Men in Shadow," at the Vaudeville Theatre, attended the private view of the work of Tomas Harris, Anglo-Spanish artist, at the Lefèvre Galleries.*

MISS VYVYAN BODLEY, *only daughter of Major J. R. C. Bodley, M.C., 60th Rifles, and of Mrs. Bodley, of Cygnet Court, Chelsea, is engaged to Wing Commander Maurice James Baird-Smith, D.F.C., R.A.F.*

LIEUT.-GENERAL JACOB L. DEVERS, *the new Commanding General, European Theatre of Operations, United States Army, has just arrived in London, as successor to General Andrews, killed in an air crash.*



...embers of the W.R.N.S. H.Q. and London Units are here rehearsing "Ladies In ...aiting," produced at the Rudolf Steiner Hall in aid of the W.R.N.S. Comforts Fund. Third Officer Dorothy Smith is giving final instructions in a dramatic sequence.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, *wife of H.E. the Governor-General of Canada, accompanied him on a tour of naval yards and aircraft factories of the Pacific N.W. She is seen in the turret of a tank.*

THIS N.F.S. GIRL—*for leaping through a flaming hoop as part of her fire-fighting training.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS EVELYN SHARP—*for being the first woman to be appointed Principal Assistant Secretary at the Treasury.*

THE GROUND CREW OF THE HALIFAX BOMBER "SEAGOOSE"—*for making a grand photographic Bomber Command frieze.*

INTENSIVE physical training forms part of the prelude to air-raid fires of the NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE, and the girls go through a strenuous P.T. course, including a jump through a fiery hoop into the arms of the P.T. instructor, as our picture shows.

MISS EVELYN SHARP breaks fresh ground as the first woman ever to be appointed Principal Assistant Secretary at the Treasury. In this position she will be able to give advice to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—a thing some of us would just love to do!

THE extraordinarily effective photographic frieze made by GROUND STAFF REFITTING the Halifax Bomber "Seagoose" was taken after the 'plane had made thirty successful raids over enemy territory, including the recent heavy attack on Dortmund.

RUBY LOFTUS—*for being the subject of* DAME LAURA KNIGHT'S *Royal Academy painting "Ruby Loftus Screwing a Breech Ring."*

MISS RUBY LOFTUS, the first woman to be trained in an operation of great delicacy in the making of a Bofors light A.-A. gun, is the subject of Dame Laura Knight's Royal Academy painting "Ruby Loftus Screwing a Breech Ring"—a scene in a munition factory showing a girl in a green overall tending a machine in the white light of the factory lamps.

MISS VERA BRADLEY, a dancer, has joined the Land Army as a part-time worker. At off-time intervals during this wholesome occupation she

[*Continued opposite.*

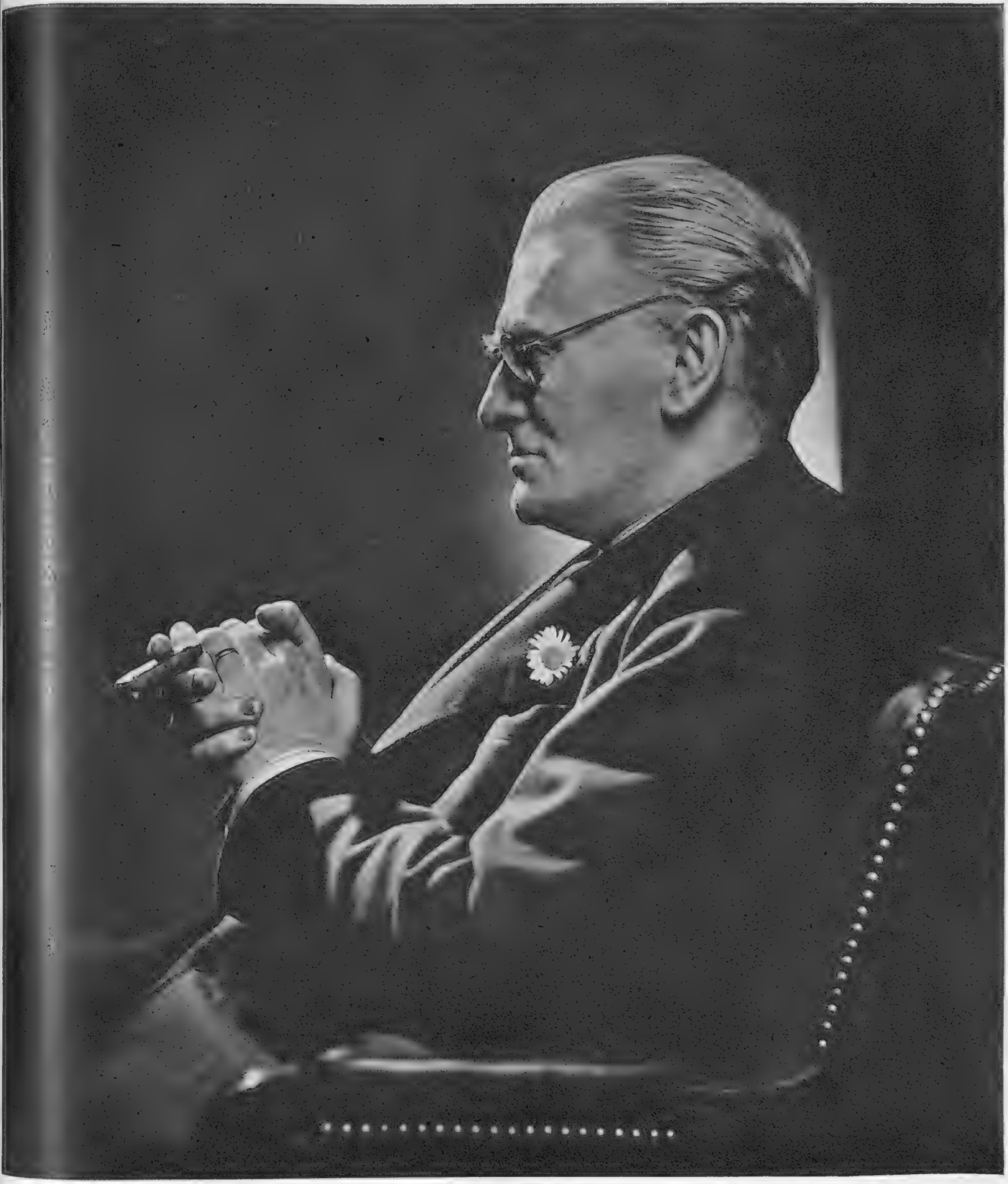
VERA BRADLEY, *dancer and part-time land-girl—for giving her co-workers a pretty back-stage performance.*

WING COMMANDER T. G. MAHADDIE, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C.—*for going to Buckingham Palace last week to receive his three "gongs" at one go.*

Continued.]

limbers up by means of hand-springs, to the amusement of her fellow-workers.

WING COMDR. MAHADDIE (seen with Hamish) attended an Investiture at Buckingham Palace last week to receive three "gongs"—the D.S.O., D.F.C., and A.F.C. He also holds the Czechoslovak War Cross. This distinguished officer is a regular soldier who rose from the ranks, and has attained his present position by sheer hard work, valour and intelligence.



BROADCASTER ON "THE LOVELY LAND OF THE FAITHFUL."

MR. L. W. BROCKINGTON, K.C., *is the author of the talk on New Zealand heard recently over the air, transcribed from a Telediphone recording. He described the war achievements of what he called the "Lovely land of the faithful," pointing out that the population is a million and a half, but that New Zealand sailors have sailed over all the seas, that over 70,000 soldiers have been sent overseas, and that the New Zealand Air Force has been in every fight from the first to the last—but that they will tell you they have only just begun! Mr. Brockington, who emigrated to Canada in 1912, is a distinguished lawyer, Civil Servant and one-time journalist. He was special Wartime Assistant to the Prime Minister of Canada, 1939-40; and in July 1942 was appointed Adviser, Empire Division, Ministry of Information. He has just concluded a visit to New Zealand.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH, OTTAWA.

FROM 6.30 A.M. UNTIL 9 P.M.:

Called at 6.30 by the whirr of the alarm clock: NURSE PHILLIPS *wakes in her little room at the Nurses' Home of the Middlesex Hospital.*

First duty of the day: Nurse Phillips makes the round of her ward and attends to the toilet of her various patients.

Study of the chained reference books! Nurse Phillips (facing camera; left) and friends at work on the theoretical side of their profession.

Anatomy class: Sister Ridley, a Sister tutor, demonstrates, with the aid of the skeleton "James," the anatomy of the hand to a group of nurses.

Nurse Phillips's life is not all work and no play: here she is (right), with Nurse Margaret Smith and Nurse Barrett Scott, in the nurses' swimming-bath.

HOW will the "New Deal" for nurses affect the life of a girl who takes up the profession of nursing? Our interesting series of photographs of a day in the life of Nurse Phillips, a typical student nurse in her third year at the Middlesex Hospital, answers this question pictorially. For years nursing was the worst-paid and hardest of all jobs; now, though the work must remain hard, conditions are being modernised, pay will be better, and the student nurse, formerly known as the probationer, will "grow into" her profession

[*Continued opposite.*

Meals are: breakfast at 6.50 a.m.; dinner at
is back in unifor

N.B. *A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.*

A STUDENT NURSE'S WORKING DAY.

After the routine ward work, and before the visit of the doctor: Nurse serves patients with light refreshment—a cup of tea or Bovril.

Student nurses must attend daily lectures: they are listening to the Senior Physician talking about chest conditions, with X-ray-photo. illustrations.

e results of the routine chemical tests must obtained before reporting to the doctor: the ed Poison Cupboard is distant from the wards.

Rest in the sitting-room of the Nurses' Home: Nurse Phillips has come off duty and is in mufti for the duration of her three-hours mid-day break.

at 4.30; and supper at 9. Nurse Phillips duty after tea.

Continued.]

gradually, and complete her theoretical training while she carries on her practical education in the wards. Conditions in up-to-date hospitals like the Middlesex are now good. Each nurse has her own bedroom, the rest-room in the Nurses' Home is pleasant, and there is a three-hour break in the middle of the day, when girls can relax and enjoy such pleasures as a dip in their own swimming-pool.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PICTORIAL PRESS.

The long day's task is done and prayers end the story: the uniforms worn by nurses in the front rank are of wartime economy pattern.

LADY LAMPSON, H.M. KING FEISAL OF IRAQ, VICTOR LAMPSON *and* H.E. THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO EGYPT *on the terrace of the British Embassy, Cairo.*

BOY KING AND BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

THESE pictures of H.M. KING FEISAL were taken at the British Embassy, Cairo, when he honoured the British Ambassador and Lady Lampson with a visit, met some distinguished people, helped Victor, the infant son of his host and hostess, to take a walk along the Embassy terrace and amused himself playing a table game. King Feisal's clear young voice was heard on the air when he broadcast in excellent English on his eighth birthday and sent good wishes to friends in the British Empire and the United States. He was born on May 2, 1935, and acceded to the throne on April 4, 1939. Lord Lampson, formerly Sir Miles Lampson, was raised to the peerage as Baron Lampson in the New Year's Honours List.

Right: Taking careful aim: KING FEISAL OF IRAQ *enjoys a table game at the British Embassy, while* LADY LAMPSON *looks on.*

The outside of the THEATRE ROYAL, BRISTOL, the oldest playhouse in the country, which has been reopened by C.E.M.A.

The foyer of the Theatre Royal. The building is an eighteenth-century one, and has been cleaned and repainted.

THE reopening of the THEATRE ROYAL, BRISTOL, the oldest playhouse in the country, under the management of C.E.M.A., the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts, is a theatrical event of real importance. The beautiful eighteenth-century building was miraculously preserved from damage by the enemy bombs which fell all round it on different occasions. It was also nearly lost to us through barbarous plans for pulling it down and putting up a warehouse in its place! Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Macready, Irving and Ellen Terry all played there, so no more suitable theatre could have been chosen by C.E.M.A. for the experiment of a State-aided playhouse. The opening production is "She Stoops to Conquer," with the company of the Old Vic. Dame Sybil Thorndike, in the character of Mrs. Hardcastle, speaks a witty new prologue by Farjeon in which he refers to Sir Kingsley Wood's injunctions to save, and says that we took him at his word, and "strictly loyal, For England's honour saved—the Theatre Royal." Lord Keynes, chairman of C.E.M.A., attended the opening performance, with Lady Keynes.

Right: MR. O. B. CLARENCE, MISS THEA HOLME, DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE, MISS KAY BANNERMAN, LADY KEYNES (Lydia Lopokova), LORD KEYNES, *chairman of C.E.M.A.*, and MISS DOROTHY GREEN *(l. to r.)*.

Behind the scenes: a back-stage view of the Theatre Royal, where Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Kean, Macready, Irving and Ellen Terry played.

A view of the gracious and beautifully proportioned auditorium, packed with enthusiastic first-nighters. It is painted in green and gold.

"... STRICTLY LOYAL, FOR ENGLAND'S HONOUR SAVED—THE THEATRE ROYAL."

WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF ANDERSON OF THE FIRST ARMY.

MRS. ANDERSON, *at her country home in Cambridgeshire, where she spends a good deal of time gardening.*

An at-home portrait of the wife of the commander of the victorious First Army, which took Tunis.

Mrs. Anderson, who has just taken on a full-time war job, as Assistant Commandant of a Red Cross hospital in the country.

THERE can be no prouder woman in the world to-day than Mrs. Kenneth A. M. Anderson, wife of General K. A. M. Anderson, Commander of the First Army, who carried out the final move in the plan for the conquest of Tunisia. He launched his drive on Tunis on May 6, and on the evening of May 7 the news of its capture was announced. Mrs. Anderson is a daughter of the late Sir Reginald Gamble. She and General Anderson have a son, and a daughter, Mrs. Kaplovitch, who is the wife of a Major in the British Army. Our at-home photographs of Mrs. Anderson were taken while she was enjoying a short rest before taking up her new post as Assistant Commandant of a hospital.

SECOND SUBALTERN MRS. KAPLOVITCH, A.T.S., *twenty-one-year-old daughter of General and Mrs. Anderson.*

WIFE TO OUR ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

LADY MARGARET ALEXANDER is the wife of General the Hon. Sir Harold Alexander, the victor of Tunis, C.-in-C. the Middle East since August 1942. On the eve of the final battle he announced to the Allied troops that the last phase of the campaign had been reached; and late on May 7 the fall of Bizerta and Tunis was announced. In his message of congratulation to General Alexander, the Prime Minister said: " Your combinations in the final great battle will be judged by history as a model of the military art. But more than this, you have known how to inspire your soldiers with confidence and ardour which overcame all obstacles and outlasted all fatigue and hardship." Lady Margaret Alexander, a daughter of the fifth Earl of Lucan, was married in 1931. The children are SHANE, BRIAN and ROSE.

"EDUCATION FOR DEATH" AS DISNEY ANIMATES IT.

HITLER *as a knight in armour, rescues Germania from the witch Democracy!*

The German mother by the sick-bed of her little son, recoils in horror as the shadow of Nazi domination falls across the room.

"EDUCATION FOR DEATH," a new Walt Disney picture in Technicolor, distributed by RKO Radio Pictures, is inspired by the best-seller of the same name by Gregor Ziemer, which has also provided the basis for the picture on our facing page, "Hitler's Children." One of the most striking sequences in the Disney fantasy is provided by the school lesson of how the ruthless fox devours the foolish rabbit. Nazi children must feel no pity for the weak. The film opens with a German court-room scene, and then passes to a fairy fantasy with Germania as a sleeping beauty rescued by the "knight" Hitler.

Members of the Hitler Jugend receive their terrifying education: a chorus of "Heil, Hitlers" from the young idea.

The fable of the fox and the rabbit is explained: good Nazi children must applaud the cunning fox and agree that the weak, silly rabbit deserves to die.

The ideal of the Nazi régime: fire and sword will burn all countries which do not fall in with the German plan.

"Education for Death" is not an idle description of the Hitler Jugend with its inevitable background of countless graves.

"EDUCATION FOR DEATH" FILMED AS "HITLER'S CHILDREN."

rfree youth: Professor Nichols (KENT SMITH) *reads while* *na* (BONITA GRANVILLE) *and Karl chat to each other, and relax.*

Anna, young German-American girl, and Karl (TIM HOLT), *enthusiastic Nazi youth, are politically opposed, but physically attracted to each other.*

"HITLER'S CHILDREN," due at the Regal on May 14, is RKO Radio's version of "Education for Death" by Ziemer, the book which inspired the Walt Disney illustrated on our facing page. German-American-born Anna attends Professor Nichols' American Colony School in Berlin. She and the Nazi Karl are attracted to each other in spite of political differences. Anna is sent to a Nazi school; she is recalcitrant, and Karl tries to induce her to have a child by him to avoid sterilisation. It is only when he has to watch her publicly whipped that he revolts. Offered a chance to recant by radio he accepts, and delivers an anti-Nazi speech which brings martyrdom to both him and Anna.

Left:
Karl, having attempted to rescue Anna from a public whipping, is confined in a military prison. He at last realises what the Nazi creed really means.

Right:
Karl tries to explain to Anna that if she will have a child by him she will be safe in Germany, as she will have given a Nazi to the Fatherland.

Colonel Henkel (OTTO KRUGER) *faces bitter disappointment when he learns hat his protégé Karl has been tried for treason to the Nazi cause.*

The public flogging of Anna: the Nazi officer (ROLAND VARNO) *calmly watches while an S.S. man* (CRANE WHITLEY) *whips the unfortunate girl who has tried to escape.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IN the controversy between Determinism and Free Will, Thomas Hardy was on the side of Determinism. He believed that the course of a man's life was decided by a Power outside him; and as he grew older, and was more painfully impressed by the spectacle of human suffering, the more malignant did that Power appear to him. The sunshine and shadow of "Far From the Madding Crowd" is replaced by the spirit-suffocating darkness of "Jude the Obscure." Only once, in the Mayor of Casterbridge, does he portray a character who carries within himself the certain seeds of his own destruction; the rest are victims of a Destiny which, at first only capriciously cruel, later reveals itself as the declared enemy of human happiness. Not of human goodness; Hardy believed in that, he loved human nature, and his pessimism is almost entirely innocent of misanthropy. He makes Destiny a scapegoat for the evil he was too charitable to look for in the heart of man. He was a child of the Victorian Age, when the general benevolence of man's intentions was easier to believe in than it is now.

Man and the Universe. Lord David Cecil, whose Clark Lectures have been collected in a volume entitled "Hardy the Novelist," discusses Hardy's philosophy chiefly in so far as it affects his art. But he remarks, in a moving final passage, that Hardy accepted Christian morality although his principles forbade him to accept the Christian hope. Lacking that hope, his creations do not have the vitality of the figures in Shakespearean tragedy from whom they are lineally descended. Hardy's world is "the Elizabethan world with the lights going down." His "characters retain the Elizabethan grandeur, but not the Elizabethan glory. For that glory was the reflected radiance of their spiritual significance." In gestures of passionate self-assertion, Hamlet and Othello challenge the order of the universe, like Job confident that the challenge will be taken up. Hardy's "theme is mankind's predicament in the universe," but it is an indifferent universe if—and here his philosophy seems inconsistent—indifference and hostility can be reconciled; and it does not recognise the claims of personality. Therefore:

> Hardy—and here he is very different from almost every other great novelist—does not put his chief stress on individual qualities. As I have said, he writes about man, not about men. Though his great characters are distinguished one from another clearly enough, their individual qualities are made subsidiary to their typical human qualities. And as their stories increase in tension, so do his characters tend to shed individual differences and to assume the impersonal majesty of a representative of all mankind. Giles stands for all faithful lovers, Tess for all betrayed women, Eustacia for all passionate, imprisoned spirits.

This fine "STUDY FOR PORTRAIT OF LORD DAVID CECIL," *by Augustus John, O.M., R.A., is on view at his one-man show at the Leicester Galleries. Lord David's new book, "Hardy the Novelist," is reviewed in the article on this page.*

Like Scott, to whom Lord David more than once compares him, Hardy was immensely sensitive to his particular *genius loci*. Both were "inspired by rural life, country humours, traditional customs," "by ancient stories, ballads and superstitions," and each saw, Scott even more strongly than Hardy, "the life of his own day in terms of its history." And, I should add, in terms of its environment. Egdon Heath was as real and as personal to Hardy as the figures on it. His intensity of visual perception is incomparable; "it is in his ability to make us 'see' that his greatest strength lies."

Artist and Craftsman. "Hardy was a great artist, but not a great craftsman." This is only one of many illuminating generalisations in Lord David's estimate of Hardy's achievement. Never patronising in his praise or furtive in his criticism, he has approached an august subject in the manner and with the manners appropriate to it. The balance between illustration and idea, between the volume of the material and the energy of the mind at work on it, is perfect. He does not tire our minds with too much abstract terminology; "Hardy," he says, "is not a player with many strokes, but those he has are winners." Lord David's strokes are winners too, and some of them are dazzling. Firm in its adherence to traditional æsthetic standards, bold, sensitive and judicious in its application of them, his book is sure of an honoured place in the literature of criticism.

The Impact of an Idea. The germinating idea of "Six Lives and a Book" is supplied by a fragment of a novel, the "book," embedded in it. This inner novel was based on the theory, among others, that every human being is haunted by a *doppelgänger*, "his own potentiality. If that potentiality is destroyed, he is haunted by its ghost." Passed from hand to hand, we watch the effect of the novel on the lives that are the objects of the author's immediate scrutiny—six men and women who, mostly for reasons connected with the war, are living in a small seaport town in Devon. But for the book they have no obvious link, though they come to possess a rallying-point in the drawing-room of Mrs. Purvis; and their characters, both real and potential, are utterly dissimilar.

Most of them, when it fell to their turn, either stayed awake all night to read the book or finished it at a sitting, so enthralled were they. This kind of exaggeration is one into which Mr. Houghton rather easily falls. He observes realistically and interprets spiritually; but of the two processes it is the second on which he sets most value, and he is prone to sacrifice the lower form of probability to the needs of the higher. Thus, though he by no means neglects the objective and the concrete, giving us plenty of insight into the material circumstances of the six—the fascinating Mrs. Purvis; the blue-blooded Miss Tresham; Cranton, the moneyed, middle-aged bachelor; Crane, the rum-loving old seaman; Kent, the Communist; and Dart, the social worker—these circumstances, vivid as they are, have sometimes an air of unreality, as if conjured up by Mr. Houghton with his wand, and scarcely able to bear examination should the magic be withdrawn. In certain moods we feel, not that the story is too fantastic, but that it lacks solidity, and that Mr. Houghton has been too eager to create human nature to fit in with his ideas and ideals; and this is particularly the case with the seventh life (why is he not numbered in the title?) to fall under the influence of "the book."

A Witty Enthusiast. Undoubtedly, I think, Mr. Houghton does over-estimate the spiritual accessibility of one human being to another. Desirous that they should be infinitely responsive to each other's wave-lengths, he makes them so. But it is a venial fault: he is an enthusiast for the solidarity of mankind. And what a witty enthusiast! Over and over again, when the picture is in danger of becoming too rose-coloured, or, alternatively, too dark (for Mr. Houghton believes in evil no less ardently than he believes in good), a flash of wit, sophisticated, brilliant, reminds the reader that his author is serious-minded because he prefers to be, not because he has to be. That is one of his defences against a possible charge of writing too much to a thesis. And another is his unfailing creative imagination, often rebellious and disobedient to orders, disturbing the pattern, leaving loose ends, but greatly enriching the texture of the story.

Escapism with a Difference. The majority of historical novelists choose to write about a past age because they are interested in it for its own sake. But a few invoke the past because it provides them with an escape from the present. Not that they are necessarily "escapists" in the current sense of the word; but they require a setting free from the associations of the contemporary.

Among these is Mr. Cunliffe Owen. Ostensibly, his "Dolphin Town" is an historical novel set in the times of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. The scene moves from a French château to the Scilly Isles, and from the Scilly Isles (when these have been captured by Commonwealth forces) to London; and the story follows the fortune of Marius de Launay, a young man so deeply in love with the Royalist cause in England that he elected to remain there a prisoner rather than accompany his father back to France.

A Vain Hope. He had other motives for staying: one was his love for Celia, the other his hope to see the civilising forces symbolised in the Arthurian legend return to England with the re-establishment of the Monarchy. What Arthur, the last Romanised Briton, stood for, the pan-European civilisation which the dictatorship of Cromwell had annulled, would somehow be revived in the person of Charles II. A fantastic hope, so clearly doomed to non-fulfilment, that one wonders why Mr. Cunliffe Owen allowed his hero to cherish it. The age of chivalry was dead and there was scarcely an echo of it in the issues between Charles and Cromwell. Clear-sighted in spite of his obsession, Marius comes to realise that in some ways Cromwell was a better man than Charles. The argument for Arthur falters and dies away. It has provided the author with many eloquent and interesting dissertations on civilisation in Europe, some of them conducted, rather improbably, among the alarums of war. The military operations in the Scilly Isles are well described, though the sense of urgency, and even of danger, is almost absent. I enjoyed Mr. Owen's book, but I felt that he takes too many liberties with his period.

For Cat-lovers. "Golden Coney" is the story of a cat—indeed, of several cats, for "the woman" (as the agent of the narrative self-effacingly describes herself) worships at the altars of no fewer than five. Their natures and characters are very clearly distinguished, and every justice is done to their love-life, when they had one. Mrs. Eleanor Farjeon has what seems an uncanny insight into their minds; she understands and approves their uncompromising desire to please themselves and seldom sentimentalises their portraits. Humility is the proper attitude in which to approach a cat, and if Mrs. Farjeon sometimes goes further, and becomes abject, no cat-lover will blame her.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Hardy the Novelist. By Lord David Cecil. (*Constable; 7s. 6d.*)
Six Lives and a Book. By Claude Houghton. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Dolphin Town. By S. Cunliffe Owen. (*Macdonald; 8s. 6d.*)
Golden Coney. By Eleanor Farjeon. (*Michael Joseph; 6s.*)

FAKE LOSS OF A SUBMARINE: "WE DIVE AT DAWN."

WITH co-operation from the Admiralty and officers and men of H.M. submarines, Gainsborough presents "We Dive at Dawn" (Leicester Square Theatre, May 20). This dynamic submarine adventure stars Eric Portman and John Mills, with Reginald Purdell and Niall MacGinnis. Producer, Anthony Asquith.

[Continued below.

ding Seaman Hobson (ERIC PORTMAN) *gives his son a model sub-rine. But the crew of H.M. Submarine "Sea Tiger" are recalled to that night on a mission to sink the Nazi battleship "Brandenburg."*

Three Nazi pilots, crashed in "the drink," are captured and lodged in the torpedo chamber. Mike (NIALL MacGINNIS) *stops one* (WALTER GOTALL) *from killing another* (OLAF OLSEN).

Lieut. Taylo (JOHN MILLS; *holding ladder) gives a sharp order to crash-dive. The submarine's stern rises steeply out of the water to deceive German destroyers into thinking she has been hit, and she submerges.*

"She's still fouling, Sir." The Cox'n (REGINALD PURDELL) *tries to free a hydroplane from the Baltic anti-submarine nets, the submarine having become enmeshed whilst en route for the northern end of the Kiel Canal.*

Nazi depth-charges rock the British submarine; in the engine-room "Spud" (LIONEL GROSE) *and C.P.O. Duncan* (CAVAN WATSON) *anticipate trouble.*

"Not many rounds left, Sir." Hobson, at the machine-gun, reports shortage of ammunition to Lieut. Gordon (RONALD MILLAR). *The sailors are holding back a Nazi garrison whilst their submarine refuels at a Danish port.*

Continued.]
With captured German airmen aboard, the "Sea Tiger" sets off to intercept the Nazi battleship "Brandenburg." Manœuvring through the minefields, she emerges in the Baltic, sights the enemy, discharges her torpedoes. Nazi destroyers are on her like a knife, and her commander fakes a sinking. Losing oil, "Sea Tiger" makes for a Danish port to refuel. Battle develops, but "Sea Tiger" refuels while her crew keep the enemy at bay.

CONSULTATION.*

By HOLLOWAY HORN.

DR. MALLISON-MEDHURST was fifty, slim and well-dressed, a specialist in that hollow, muscular organ, the human heart. Perhaps as a result he was a bachelor, but, in any case, his work left him with little time for the lighter side of life. Great and simple alike consulted him, and he treated both with the same assured confidence.

Marion Daviott, his secretary, had only been with him a month or so, but she was already inclined to regard him as one of the greatest men in (or out of) Harley Street. She it was who made the appointment for Martin Pulsford, and she could not be blamed for assuming that it was his first consultation with the doctor. He rang up one evening just as she was going.

" I should like to see Dr. Medhurst to-morrow afternoon," he said, after he had given his name.

" I 'm afraid he has not a free period to-morrow, but hold on, please. I will make sure. . . . I find that Dr. Mallison-Medhurst can see you at three-thirty," she said a moment later.

" To-morrow, three-thirty," Martin Pulsford said, and rang off.

Two minutes before the time of his appointment on the following day, he was ushered into the waiting-room of the dignified house in Harley Street. He was glancing round the beautifully-furnished room when the secretary opened the door and murmured in her distant manner: " Mr. Martin Pulsford."

He followed her to the first floor and along a thickly-carpeted corridor to a room at the back of the house.

Mallison-Medhurst rose as he entered the room: " How do you do ? " he asked, rather absent-mindedly.

" I am very well indeed, thank you," replied Pulsford.

In the circumstances, it was a rather curious reply to the doctor's conventional remark; moreover, there was an even more curious, grating quality in Pulsford's voice. The consultant glanced sharply at him.

" I 've seen you before . . . surely ? " he said, after a momentary silence.

" You have."

" I 'm afraid I did not recognise your name. I see so many patients. And my secretary is a new one. Martin Pulsford "—the doctor had glanced at his diary—" no, I don't recall the name, but your face remains in my memory—faces nearly always do. I 'll turn your case up."

Pulsford watched the doctor grimly as he picked out a card from a loose-leaf index.

" You were here exactly twelve months ago to-day," the doctor said.

" Quite right ! "

The doctor frowned as he glanced at the card.

" And how are you keeping ? " he asked, not, perhaps, with quite his usual confidence.

" I saw Sir Barry Tomlin last week," Pulsford said. " He told me that with reasonable care I should live to be an old man."

" I am delighted. There is no man in London whose word carries greater weight than Sir Barry's."

" Yet a year ago to-day you told me I had not twelve months to live ! "

The doctor was again examining the record of the case. " I remember the circumstances," he said quietly. " Not one case in ten thousand with your peculiar abnormality of the muscular walls of the heart lasts as long as the time I mentioned."

" So I 'm the ten thousandth case ! " Pulsford said in an unpleasant tone.

" In my experience, I know of no other case. I should like to examine you once again. I am quite certain that Sir Barry would have concurred in my opinion twelve months ago—that, indeed, every heart specialist in London would have."

" Your mistake meant ruin to me ! " The patient almost hissed the words at the embarrassed doctor.

" I am exceedingly distressed, of course. But, as I said, I remember the circumstances."

" Distressed ! " Pulsford interrupted him rudely. " You," he went on, with a sudden change in his tone, " are not going to make any more mistakes and you 're not going to be ' distressed ' for long." There was a strained, wild look in his eyes.

Mallison-Medhurst was not so much nervous as acutely uncomfortable. Gone was that air of confident authority, for he realised that he was dealing with a man whose mind was temporarily unhinged. But when he spoke he did so with professional calm: " It is, I assure you, contrary to my general practice to make so definite a statement to a patient. You will remember you *insisted* on my telling you what I thought of your chances. And I 'm quite certain that I made it perfectly clear that I was expressing an opinion, and an opinion only. If you had not specially asked for an explicit opinion, I should most certainly not have given one. Obviously," the doctor went on, " I had nothing whatever to gain by giving such an opinion."

" Twelve months to live—at the outside—was what you said," Pulsford repeated as if he had not been listening. " I sold my business—at a knock-down price—and the fellow who bought it is making a fortune out of it ! "

" It is most unfortunate."

" You 're quite right, Dr. Mallison-Medhurst—it *is* most unfortunate," Pulsford said grimly.

He had produced an unpleasant little revolver. Now that his guard was down, the weakness and suspicion and general lack of balance in his face would have been clear to a far less penetrating intelligence than the doctor's.

" You mean to kill me ? " Mallison-Medhurst asked, with apparent casualness. He was playing for time, wondering desperately how he could disarm his dangerous visitor.

" I do. Funny, isn't it, to think that you will die before me, after all ? "

" Life at best is uncertain," the doctor said easily. " Let 's have a last cigarette together, shall we ? "

" I don't smoke. *You* stopped me smoking—twelve months ago."

" I know. It 's that part of my work I hate most—telling people they mustn't do this and that. Smoking, particularly. Yet in many cardiac cases it is essential. My own heart isn't too good, for example, and I 've had to cut out nearly all my smoking."

If only Miss Daviott would come in to distract his attention for a moment. . . . But the bell was under the edge of the desk immediately in front of the patient, and the doctor did not dare to ring it.

" You *like* your damned work—you know you do ! " Pulsford snarled. " You *like* forbidding people to do things. Makes you feel like a god ! "

" In a way, perhaps, but I don't often make mistakes as I did with you. I 've got very tired of it lately, however. I 'm not at all sorry that you are going to shoot me." The doctor, with magnificent self-control, smiled at his menacing visitor, but behind the smile his brain was working.

The suspicion in the other's face changed to cunning: " Nobody wants to die ! " he said. " You 're treating me as if I were a child."

" You 're quite right—nobody does," the doctor agreed. " But there is a stage in which a man just doesn't mind. In your own case, of course, I made a mistake—a bad mistake——"

" You sentenced me to death," Pulsford said grimly.

" The responsibility of my job is too much for a man, Mr. Pulsford. That is what it boils down to: I 'm tired of it."

" This is just talk—you 're clever at talk," the patient said in a dangerously quiet tone. " You sentenced me to death, but I 'm going to kill you. And *I 'm* not going to make a mistake."

" Who 's that ? " the doctor suddenly cried.

Pulsford followed his startled glance, and in that second Mallison-Medhurst acted. He grabbed the man's wrist and with a quick, deft movement jerked the revolver from his grasp. He was a bigger and a fitter man than the patient, who, in spite of a few years' advantage in age, was no match for him. Pulsford attempted to rush for the revolver, but the doctor held him off, and pushed him, panting and exhausted, on to the Chesterfield by the door.

The consultant was extremely sorry for his patient, but he carefully locked the revolver in his desk before he attended to him. He was holding a glass of water to his lips when Pulsford came round, and the sudden blaze of insane hatred in his eyes horrified the doctor.

" You thought you 'd trick me ! " Pulsford said in a low tone. He grabbed a chair and turned on the doctor. And there was murder in his face.

" Steady on, old chap," the doctor said quietly, but Pulsford, gripping the chair, came towards him relentlessly.

Mallison-Medhurst, fully aware of his danger, backed behind the solidness of his desk.

" Steady on ! " he said again, warningly, for Pulsford's face was grey and his breathing laboured.

Suddenly the chair fell from his grasp. He stood a moment, swaying unsteadily, before he slumped in a heap on the silencing carpet.

The doctor touched the bell beneath his desk before he turned to a cabinet and took out a small phial and a hypodermic.

" The poor fellow 's ill," he said, as Miss Daviott came in. They lifted him into a chair.

" He 's dead ! " she said, and she did her best to speak with a professional lack of concern.

The doctor nodded. He was thinking. There was, he decided, no need to say anything about the revolver or the previous interview, even to Miss Daviott.

The silence of the room was broken by the muted tones of the clock on the landing just outside the door. It struck four o'clock.

Mallison-Medhurst had been right, after all.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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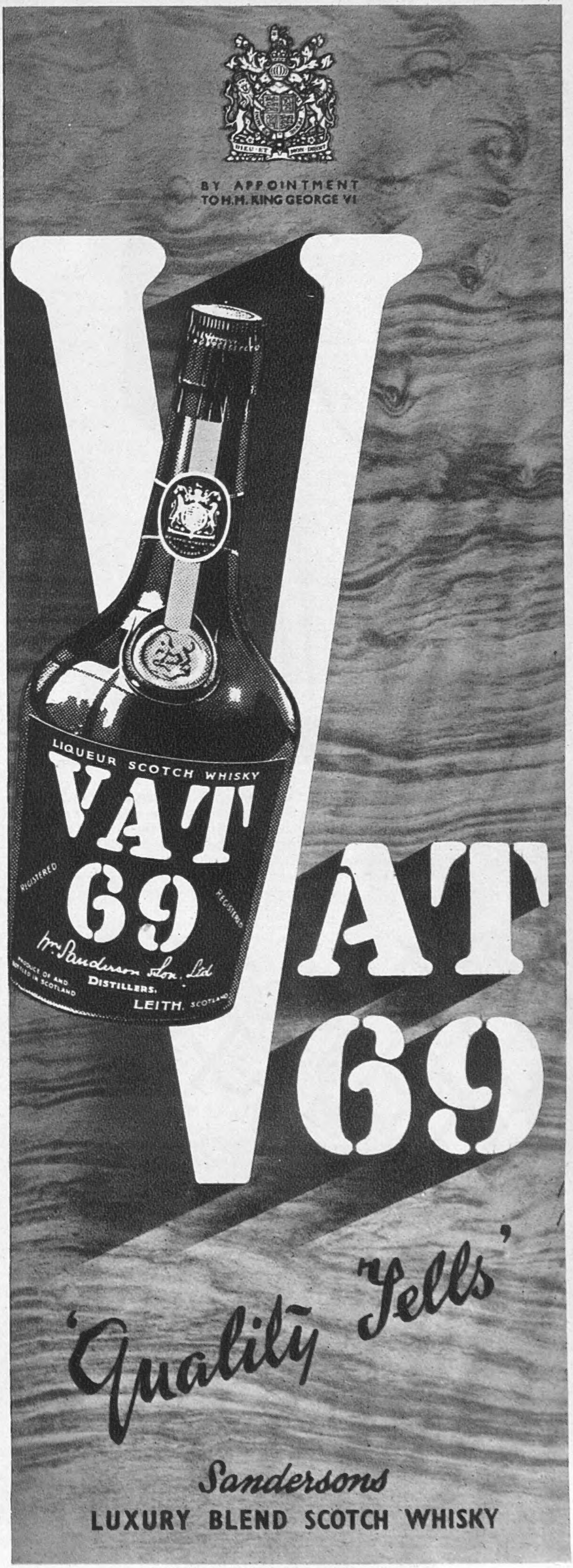

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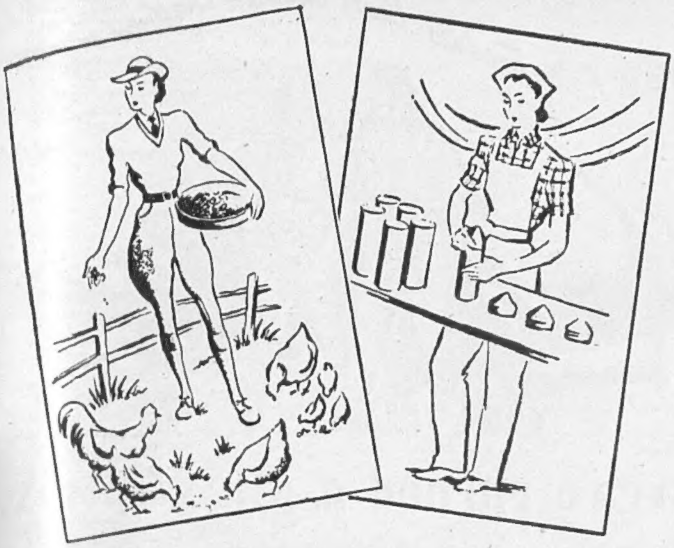
A SIMPLE revival is the dress on the left, which has gone into residence in the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The material is new, with a certain percentage of wool in its composition. In this particular instance, the colour is various shades of grey. It must be mentioned that the classic wedding-gown is well represented in these salons; many having long sleeves, high necks and abbreviated trains. Bridesmaids' frocks have likewise received attention, many of them being in pastel shades. Then there are gaily printed dresses in various materials.



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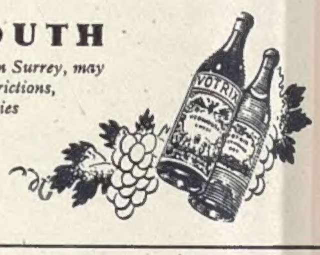

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